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# Dreamcatcher



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## Chapter 1 by SaintSayaka

I won't stop collecting souls until I find my soulmate.

## Chapter 2 by intellikat



And I won't stop following your trail of littered bodies-- soul-sucked and discarded-- until I find you, you son of a bitch.

## Chapter 3 by SaintSayaka



I've come close too many times to count, and my damn conscience lets you go every time. It's almost comical, really, the way you slip through my fingers with your speeches and goodwill. But I promise you, Cyric - the next time we meet will be the last.

And that will be about in ten minutes. I've been watching you punch your fingers into the pinball machine for the half hour you've been here. Humans are milling about around you for the better machines, the ones with higher graphics and ticket payouts. You were always a fan of old school mechanics. I learned that the hard way.

Enough of this nonsense.

See more of Story Wars

Chapter 4 by SaintSayaka

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I approach the machine, but by the time I reach its blinking lights and obnoxious siren, a sad attempt to attract players, you have already disappeared. How could this possibly be? I scan the arcade for answers, but none come. A participant of a crane machine match stares at me for a bit before turning his attention to the claw.

Oh, Cyric. You can't be serious.

The crane machine is no less loud than the pinball machine, decked out in flashing strobe lights and enough energy to light a football field. The difference between the two is that this one is actually popular. A line of children have formed to take turns at the machine. So, what are you this time? A pink dolphin? A deflated basketball? The machine itself? Our powers weren't meant to be bastardized like this.

Of course, when I slip into the skin of the seven year old at the front of the line, I abandon this rule. Anything to get to you. Nobody seems to notice me duck into a game station - the type that surrounds and hides the player - and simply disappear.

My hands are nimble, and immediately pluck out what appears to be a plush bowling pin. I grimace, thinking of the chinese child in some factory thousands of miles from here who earns their wages making something like this. But unfortunately, this one is not you. There is no aura. I inhabit the next child, letting the first run off to his mother with his prize. This time, I'm a little more fortius - a brand name Hello Kitty doll is drawn up from below. I rather like it, but I can't keep it from this child. And besides, that's not you, either. My machine theory is looking more plausible by the minute.

## Chapter 5 by SaintSayaka



"We're supposed to use our powers for good, Cyric," I whisper under my breath - or, rather, the child's breath. Your thoughts on this manner are so strong that they should be reflected somehow through anything, something, in the machine. You can't hide forever.

None of the toys react, but I notice it. A slight skip in the pattern of the lights, uncoordinated. So

you're the machine itself, and not the toys. Excellent. I slip out of the child's body and into the machine. Two of us can't occupy the same space, meaning I have to be evicted.

And it won't be me.

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But first, I have to find you first. I skip through copper wires and literal silver lining as I search for you. And trust me - I will find you.

### Chapter 6 by SaintSayaka



Everyone screams when the man in black comes shooting from within the machine, breaking through the glass and falling on his back. I have exposed you, forced you into your physical form. Perhaps their fear will force them away from the scene of my next crime.

It's time for you to die.

### Chapter 7 by Isabelle Ballard



Breaking free from the machine itself, I stand over you. It has been so long since I had power over you, and I have been waiting for so long. I bend at the knee, savoring the fear in your eyes. "Cyril," I chime. "Darling, haven't you missed me? You know I've missed you. For Christ sake, I've been capturing souls across the multiverse... Just hoping that one of them was yours." Ignoring the stares of the horrified families around me, I straddle you and place a hand on your throat. I begin to squeeze, closing off your airway. As you choke, I lean in and place my lips on yours. I can feel the power of your soul entering my body as I kiss the life out of you. Pulling away, I look at your pale body. You're barely hanging on. I smile, fangs showing and eyes flashing red. "I love you, Cyril."

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